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THE VICISSITUDES OF A COLOSSAL  
FORTUNE.

WHEN Louis XIII. died in 1643, he left two sons, the eldest of whom became the noted Louis XIV.; and Philippe, the other son, was created Duke of Orleans, to whom, by his brother's munificence, large possessions were assigned. Ever since that beginning, the Orleans branch of the Bourbons has been a conspicuous family in France, in fact in Europe. The remarkable thing in their history has been their enormous wealth, sometimes diminished, sometimes enlarged, but always considerable through good fortune in marriages or by royal favour. The Duc de Chartres, son of Philippe, was already rich when he succeeded his father, and received the Palais-Royal as part of his marriage dowry. As second Duke of Orleans, he became Regent during the minority of Louis XV. and in this capacity made good use of his opportunities to bring it about that from the state, instead of the family coffers, should come the dowries of the daughters of his house—Mademoiselle de Montpensier and Mademoiselle de Valois.

The son and grandson of the Regent were not public characters, but they maintained the credit of the family for the faculty of absorbing state property. In 1751, letters-patent added the countship of Soissons and the estate of Laon to the Orleans acreage; and in 1766, the demesnes of Marle, la Fere en Tardenois, Ham, and St Gobain, were asked for, and granted, to round off the countship of Vermandois, which the Orleans family were desirous of reconstructing. But Philippe Egalité was not the man to live a life of opulent and dignified retirement. In him lived again the extravagance of the founder of the House. Philippe Egalité was the only rowdy of all the House of Orleans, and his head followed the fortune which was first impaired by his prodigalities and intrigues, and then forfeited by the edict of the Revolution.

On his father's death, Philippe Egalité seems to have succeeded to property worth five million francs a year; some authorities put it higher.

When he married the daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, in whom, as the sole inheritrix, had centred the vast appanages of the bastards of Louis XIV. the fortunes of the two wealthiest Houses in France, and perhaps in Europe, became conjoined. With his wife, Philippe got from her father four million francs in hard cash; in the year of his marriage, Louis XV. made him the present of 100,000 francs; and in 1784 he sold to Marie Antoinette, for six millions, which were paid from the state treasury, the château of Saint-Cloud, itself originally crown, and therefore national property. In fact, nearly all the endowments of the Orleans family consisted of property bestowed one way or other by the crown.

But all this wealth melted like snow in the hands of the extravagant Philippe Egalité; and Philippe had to betake himself to the strengthening of his tottering fortunes by a great building speculation. He pulled his residence of the Palais-Royal to pieces, destroyed its privacy, levelled the garden, built the arcades of shops with which every visitor to Paris is familiar, and let houseroom and building space to the highest bidders. The Palais-Royal, in the natural course of events, became a sink of iniquity, but the operation brought Philippe money in, and helped his political influence, by affording work to artisans and labourers, who knew the hand that fed them. But spite of the financial success of this speculation, Philippe became more and more embarrassed. And then came a law, passed 21st December 1790, which suppressed the system of appanages, recalled all these back to the crown whence they had emanated, and substituted for them the payment of a fixed annual sum from the treasury. When this law was passed, the annual revenues of the family of Orleans amounted to little short of nine million francs. In two years more it was gone to the last stiver, and the head of Philippe Egalité presently followed it.

This huge revenue was made up in various ways. Over six millions consisted of appanages; nearly a million and a half came from 'properties called patrimonial;' close on 100,000 francs were the produce of properties held under mortgage; and

1,145,000 francs were yielded by 'rents and interests.' Under the law of 1790, Philippe got, in exchange for the revoked appanages, an annual sum of two and a half million francs, in addition to a million as 'traitement'; and besides, the property of the Palais-Royal was exempted from the revocation. Philippe was left still a man of stupendous income, but his financial condition was desperate, and in the first days of 1792, he was compelled to call a meeting of his creditors, and offer them a composition. In August of the same year, came the abdication of Louis XVI.; a month later, the Republic; and presently *la Terreur*. Philippe Egalité, when his head fell into the sawdust, left behind him debts amounting to 74 million of francs. His property was put up to auction, and for the most part was bought by the state, which paid to his creditors (thereby virtually substituting itself for the same) a sum of 37,740,000 francs—a little over half the total amount.

The times had been hard with Louis-Philippe, the son of Egalité, when in the ranks of the emigration. He was pursued about Switzerland in the most uncomfortable and inhospitable manner. Even the monks of St Gothard, whose profession it is to shelter all wayfarers and ask no questions, declined to take in this hapless Louis-Philippe, and he was everywhere 'moved on,' as if he had been a British casual without a settlement. Even when at length he seemed to have got rest for the sole of his foot, and had set himself industriously to teach a school at Reichenau, there presently came to him the inexorable summonses to 'move on.' The narrative of all his wanderings over the north of Europe, and afterwards in America, and of how, after much reverse, he at length dropped his anchor for a while in our own suburban Twickenham, is too familiar to require telling here.

The first days of the Restoration of 1814 saw the sagacious Louis-Philippe, his wits sharpened by adversity, back in Paris, and pledging his devotion to the newly installed Louis XVIII. Louis took very kindly to his cousin, gave him the title of Most Serene Highness, and bestowed on him all that had not been sold of his father Egalité's appanage, which had been taken possession of by the state in the Revolution time. It has been estimated that this act gave Louis-Philippe a fortune of about one hundred million of francs. Certainly, he was the luckiest, financially, of all the returned *émigrés* of the royal house. It has already been told how a law, not a revolutionary law, but one passed while as yet Louis XVI. reigned, had abolished the appanages, and substituted therefore annual allowances. So far as concerned the senior branch of the Bourbons, this law was put in force. The Comte d'Artois did not re-enter on the possession of his appanage, but drew instead his stipulated allowance. No appanages were constituted for his sons, the Ducs de Berry and d'Angoulême. The Duke of Orleans alone, the future citizen-king, the champion of liberal ideas, the adversary of the ancient order of things, insisted on the resuscitation of feudal rights in his favour, when the reigning family made sacrifices to conform to the law. The king was to be still more generous to the fortunate ex-schoolmaster. Clearly, there should have fallen to be deducted from the patrimonial succession of the latter the 37 millions which the state had disbursed in part payment of

Philippe Egalité's debts; but this trifle never seems to have occurred to the king's mind, and Louis-Philippe did not consider himself called upon to call his relative's attention to it. He began a comprehensive series of lawsuits against the Treasury, against the administrators of royal domains, against the purchasers of national property, and against his mother, Madame Louise de Bourbon-Penthièvre, Dowager-duchess of Orleans. To support his case, he obtained, by royal permission, from the national archives the whole of the title-deeds and documents having reference to the old estates of the House of Orleans, in number over seventeen hundred. The Hundred Days came in to arrest the progress of this multifarious litigation, and the documents were returned to the archives; but upon the second Restoration, Louis-Philippe got them out again, and they have never since been restored. He recommenced his lawsuits, and pushed them on considerably, to the irritation of a considerable portion of the nation. Louis XVIII. became aware that his cousin's litigations were getting the royal family a bad name in the country, and finding that, for the assertion of some rights which some old parchments appeared to carry, he had raised an action against three hundred communes of the department of La Manche, which struck at a mass of about thirty thousand proprietors, he gave him a command to drop such litigation. Louis-Philippe did not disobey his kingly cousin; he desisted from the personal prosecution of the action, and disposed of the claims to a Company, who stood in his shoes, and fought out the action.

Charles X. on succeeding to the throne had the Orleans appanage included in the law which secured the civil list, and was further good enough to bestow the title of Royal Highness on his cousin, on whom fortune was certainly smiling from ear to ear; for not long before, his mother had died, and he had inherited her property, which as reconstituted by Louis XVIII. was worth some 26 millions. That the lady died so rich, was in the face of a French law which Louis had ignored. The whole of her possessions consisted of the appanage which had belonged to her father. But by an ordinance of Charles IX. (1566), appanages were debarred from falling to the distaff, and in default of an heir-male direct, reverted to the state. The appanages of the Duc de Penthièvre, therefore, could not legally devolve on his daughter, and consequently could not legally pass to the son of that daughter. But Louis-Philippe pleaded prescription to all the claims that were out of date; for most of those which remained valid, he compounded at the rate of twelve per cent. His friends claim that he devoted ten million francs to this filial task, a sum considerably under a year's revenue of his properties.

The revolution of 1830 tumbled stupid old Charles X. off the throne, and raised to it Louis-Philippe in the character of a 'citizen-king.' Louis-Philippe might have been a Scotchman, he was so exceedingly canny. He did not object to becoming king, but he did not relish the notion of putting all his eggs into one basket. He was not unfamiliar with revolutions, and there might overtake him also a revolution. There is an article in the French constitution which merges in the crown, brings into the state coffers, all the private property of the prince or person who succeeds to the throne.

Louis-Philippe had an objection to allow this provision to operate in his case, and he determined to alienate his private estates, and step on to the throne a naked man. Already lieutenant-general of the kingdom, he was king *de facto*, although not so *de jure* for two days after, when, on the 7th of April 1830, he executed a deed conveying to his children, with the exception of the Duc de Chartres, who would be the heir-apparent to the crown, the fee simple of the whole of his private property, retaining to himself, however, the enjoyment of his liferent.

The question is, what was the value of the property which Louis-Philippe in this way made over to his younger children? According to the schedules in the registered deed of gift, the annual rental of the landed estates was only 1,365,523 francs. But there was no manner of doubt that, for other reasons, as well as the obvious one of diminishing the amount of succession duty to be paid, the value of the estates was stated at far too low a figure. Of the Commission which was intrusted with the duty of fixing the civil list of Louis-Philippe, two members, MM. Thouvenel and Cormenin, made an investigation into the value of the private property which had formed the subject of the deed of gift, and those gentlemen set down the annual revenue accruing therefrom—of which revenue Louis-Philippe had retained the usufruct—as amounting to the sum of 7,523,000 francs, which that king continued to enjoy until his dethronement in 1848, in addition to his civil list, which was fixed at thirteen million francs. In all, then, during his reign, Louis-Philippe was the recipient of funds to the amount of not less than half a milliard of francs, or one-tenth part of the indemnity paid to the Germans on account of the late war.

The family waxed yet richer by the death of the last of the Condés. His adoption of, and stupendous legacy to the boy Duc d'Aumale, the second son of Louis-Philippe, was unquestionably the result of a mean intrigue, on which it would be unpleasant to enter. This much at least may be asserted with considerable confidence, that if the Prince of Condé's life had not terminated when it did, a few days after the ex-reigning family quitted French soil, the Count de Chambord, and not the Duc d'Aumale, would have been his heir.

The inevitable crash overtook Louis-Philippe, but his head did not follow his fortune, as had been the case with his father, Philippe Egalité. Fortune favoured him so far that he was able to pass over to England, where he found at least a pleasant abiding-place in his old age than the American school-house which had been the refuge of his youth. One of the first acts of the revolutionary government was to sequester all the Orleans property. The decree which does this (February 26, 1848) is very sweeping in its terms; it applies to the belongings 'tant ceux de l'ex-roi, que ceux des membres de l'ex-famille royale.' Later, the Orleans properties were formally declared forfeited, and confiscated for the benefit of the national treasury, by an ordinance of the Assembly passed on the 22d January 1852, a precedent being found in the confiscation of the property of the Bonaparte family by a decree of Louis XVIII. after the first Restoration. Two exemptions were made, but they cannot be considered of great importance

from a financial point of view—they were the Chapelle Ferdinand at Neuilly, and the family vault at Dreux. The ordinance added, that when this property—which, in truth, belonged to the state—was reclaimed, the Orleans family still remained in the possession of a capital sum of one hundred millions of francs, which was amply sufficient to maintain the dignity of their rank in a foreign country. It is not easy to see how the framers of the ordinance were able to arrive at a definite estimate of the amount of Louis-Philippe's salvages; but it was the universal opinion that he had made the most ample provision for the rainy day. It was understood that he possessed real estate both in Europe and America, and it was reported that he had realised heavily by investments on foreign bourses. On the other hand, there are those who say that the family went into exile comparatively needy, and had to be beholden to King Leopold of Belgium, who was son-in-law of Louis-Philippe, for an allowance towards their maintenance.

The Orleans estates having been confiscated, and restored to the state, whence, unquestionably, the larger proportion of them had originally emanated, opportunity was taken to dispose of most of them of national account. It has never been publicly stated what sums have been realised from the sale of those properties which have been disposed of, and various amounts—fifty millions, eighty millions, and one hundred millions of francs—have been named. There is reason to believe that the last figure is that most nearly correct. We may name eight of the principal estates, sold under the ordinance of 1852: The Château d'Aumale, with Park, forest, and dependencies, situated at Chantilly. This estate was covertly purchased by the Orleans family, through the medium of Messrs Coutts and Company, and the château was inhabited during a number of years of the Empire by a Mons. Tremouille, who, since the *déchéance*, has vacated in favour of the real owners. The Château and Park at Le Raincy, near Paris. The Château, Park, and farm at La Ferté Vidame, near Nogent-le-Rotrou, on the road Paris-Chartres. The woods of Rousseau and Ivry, near Paris. The Park and residence of Monceaux. The Park and residence at Neuilly. The Château, Park, and forests of Biszy. The forest of Vernon, near Evreux.

Four other large estates were partly alienated, namely: The property of Amboise, a castle which had been in the possession of the French royal family from the time of Charles VII. It was inhabited by Abd-el-Kader from 1847 to 1852. A portion of the forest of Bondy. The property near Joinville, including several forests, considerably damaged by the late war. The property and works of St-Dizier, near Chalons-sur-Marne. In addition to the above, five residences, situated in Paris and elsewhere, were disposed of at various times. Had the Empire lasted a little longer, it is probable that the last acre of the great Orleans property would have come under the hammer.

But, as we all know, in 1870 the wheel of fortune took another spin, and next year the members of the House of Orleans were no longer exiles. When the weightier matters of the state had been settled for the time, and as soon as the National Assembly had time to think of other things, a bill was introduced to its notice by the Minister of Finance of M. Thiers' government, the object of

which was the restoration to the Orleans family of such portion of the estates, which had been confiscated in 1852, as had not in the interval been sold on national account. This measure was strongly and, indeed, scurrilously opposed by the extreme Republican press; but M. Thiers appeared to consider it an act of common honesty, and he was supported by the Royalist and moderate Republican deputies. The Orleans family, it must be owned, acted throughout in the most seemly manner. It was not at their instance that the bill had been brought in; nor did they, at least openly, express any desire, one way or the other, with reference to its fate. It would be tedious to recapitulate the arguments used for and against it; it will suffice to say that the bill became law last year (1872), and the remnant of their possessions has been restored to the descendants of Philippe de France. Only two estates were handed over to them intact, having escaped the auctioneer, namely, the Château d'Eu, a property near Dieppe, which English people will remember in connection with the visit paid to Louis-Philippe by Queen Victoria in the early part of her reign; and the château and its surroundings at Dreux, the earliest home, as it is the last resting-place, of the House of Orleans. There is another small property at Lepaude, in the department of Creuse, but it is scarcely worth mentioning, as it yields no revenue. It would be impertinent to inquire closely into the revenue derived from these two 'salvage' estates, but it may be set down as being very considerable; and with their restoration into the possession of the Orleans family, ends the record of the strange vicissitudes of this colossal fortune.

## THE LILY OF THE ALLEY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER II.—WITHIN THE FOLD.

Six months and more had elapsed. The scent that lay at Wapping had grown fainter and fainter, and at last had been lost altogether. Mrs Perks had not returned to Feathers Alley, and had not been heard of there; and the old gentleman, with many a sigh and self-reproach, had abandoned himself to utter despair.

It was a lovely, but a sweltering day in August, and the mellow sun glared down with all its might and shewed up all the hideousness of Leeds. Click-clack! click-clack! went the looms. Such is the music made by the town-bee, the busy human-bee; whilst the country-bee, the busy insect-bee, is humming gaily away in field and garden. The sun lit up in Leeds a spectacle that shewed the price men pay for victory upon the field of industry. The very air rained blacks; the road from Leeds to Bradford was the colour of a mourning garment. Everybody seemed to have a cough; it was caused by the irritation of the black particles swallowed. The maimed and the halt were to be seen in noticeable numbers; they were of all ages, and both sexes; they were those who had been wounded in the battle of industry. Here went a one-armed man; there went a child on crutches. The river was like a slush of liquid indigo, dotted over with clots of white scum; and the men who worked in it, and near it, had faces, and arms, and hands, and, so far as they were visible, bodies dyed with the stains of indigo.

But none of these, whether he or she were a cripple, or blue, or both, was observed to beg.

Very different was the appearance of the only three beggars to be seen in the thoroughfare called Briggate. They were very poorly clad, but sound of limb, and clean as paint.

They consisted of a middle-aged man, a middle-aged woman, and a very young child, a girl. Father, and mother, and daughter, most of the passers-by thought, if they thought at all about it.

The man had the misfortune, as it appeared from his eyes, and from a sort of certificate he wore round his neck, to be blind; but the woman, to judge from the way in which she swept every house from top to bottom with a glance, and at the same time had a sidelong look for every passenger, had eyes for two. The little girl, whether she and her companions were walking or stood still, kept her eyes almost constantly on the ground.

The child was a pretty, fairy-like little thing, and sang in a sweet voice snatches of hymns, whilst the man made a noise with a concertina, and the woman kept an Argus-like look-out for coppers. Now, the hymns that were sung were such as were familiar and grateful to thousands in Leeds, which abounds with dissenters; and many a mother, especially at the hour when the factories discharged their work-people, either summoned the little girl with a smile and a beck, or walked up to her, and in either case put money in her hand. And one who watched matters closely, might have seen the said money passed at intervals to the man and lodged in his pockets. One who watched matters closely, moreover, and who was near enough to hear what the man and the woman said confidentially, between the verses of a hymn, to the little girl, might have caught the sound of paternal and maternal admonition, couched in such terms as: 'Sing out, yer little wretch, or I'll warm yer;' or: 'You'll ketch it to-night, miss, and ketch it 'ot, too, if you don't look sharp.'

The warning to 'look sharp' had become necessary, because the little maid, from her habit of keeping her eyes upon the ground, had failed to see several proffers of coin and several beckoning hands.

So that her eyes were just now on the alert, and enabled her to see a vision which called a flush of vague expectation to her lovely pale face.

In the doorway of a most respectable shop stood an elderly lady. This lady was not dressed by any means in the prevailing fashion. She wore a brown straw bonnet, somewhat resembling a Quaker's; an ample brown veil was thrown back behind her head; a cap, not very unlike a widow's, fitted closely round her face; her dress was brown, and of rather common material; her white stockings were refreshingly snow-like in hue; her thick shoes were polished as if they were to be used as looking-glasses; and her ungloved hands were ringless, but fair, and soft, and plump. She had a somewhat severe aspect, the severity of which was not lessened by the spectacles she had on; but her expression was motherly withal, and her delicate face assumed quite a soft and winning smile as she beckoned to the little street-singer.

The little girl sprang forward at once, not hearing or not heeding her male companion, who, having whispered to the female, said sharply, but in a low voice: 'Let the lady be, and come along with us.'



Oddly enough, the lady had timed her beckoning so that an officer of the borough police came striding down the street just as the little child obeyed the summons; and oddly enough, the man and the woman simultaneously vanished down a side-slum.

The lady smiled grimly, but soon banished the grimness, as she asked the little girl: 'Were those your parents, my dear?'

The child hesitated, and then answered, almost inaudibly: 'Es, ma'am.'

'Look at me, child,' said the lady kindly. 'Do you know where little girls who don't tell the truth will go to?'

'No, ma'am,' replied the child.

'And I'm sure I can't tell you,' rejoined the lady with a sigh, and in a scarcely audible voice. 'But,' she went on in a louder tone, 'I will ask you again, and you must tell me the truth; will you?'

'Es, ma'am; I'll tell oo de troof.'

'Were those your parents?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Who were they?'

'I don't know, ma'am.'

'How did you come to be with them, dear?'

'O ma'am, cried the child, bursting into tears, 'dey took me—away—from mammy; p'ease, tate me back to mammy.'

By this time the police-officer had come up; had saluted the lady, who seemed to be well known to him; and, at her request, had remained at her side. She told him all she had seen; and she ended by saying: 'I shall charge the child with begging in the streets; and I can prove that she received money. You will know what to do with her at present; and to-morrow, when the proper inquiries have been made, I will take her in, if the authorities think proper.'

Next day, it was proved that two persons answering the description of the man and woman who had been with the little girl, and who were well known as tramps and beggars, had departed the evening before by train from Leeds, and had gone to some other part of the country. And it was decided that the little girl—from whom nothing definite could be elicited beyond the facts, that her name was Lily, and that she had lived in some alley in London—should be given up to the kind lady who had offered to take charge of her.

The lady took her to a house of moderate size on the outskirts of Leeds. In the house were two or three ladies dressed exactly as Lily's friend was. They addressed one another as 'Sister,' and they called Lily's friend 'Mother.' There were Sister Mary, and Sister Elizabeth, and Sister Dorcas; and Lily's friend was simply Mother.

'Another lamb come to the fold,' was the Mother's only introduction, as she led Lily into a simply furnished room, where the three Sisters sat at different kinds of useful work. They all three rose up and kissed Lily tenderly.

Then Sister Mary said: 'There's just one bed vacant, dear Mother. I will take the dear child up, and wash her and dress her, and shew her her little cot. What is her name, Mother?'

'Lily.'

'Come, then, Lily,' said Sister Mary gently, taking the poor child by the hand.

And Lily went like one in a dream.

Sister Mary took Lily into a pretty large, airy room, in which were five little cots, and a bed upon an iron bedstead, narrow, indeed, but long enough for a full-sized woman. The cots were for five little children, and the bed was for Sister Mary, who had the care of them. There were in the house two other rooms, in which two other batches of children, varying in age from seven to fifteen, slept; and each batch was under the ever-present superintendence of Sister Elizabeth and Sister Dorcas respectively. The Mother had a room to herself.

'This is for you, dear,' said Sister Mary, patting one of the little cots, and smiling at Lily.

'What for?' asked Lily timidly.

'To sleep in, darling,' answered Sister Mary.

'S'leep! Why, dere ain't no 'traw,' exclaimed the child, with wondering eyes.

'Did you always sleep in straw, my child?' asked Sister Mary compassionately.

The child nodded vacantly; and then said, as if to correct herself: 'S'ept wi' mammy once.' And her large eyes filled with tears.

All this while Sister Mary had been choosing from a chest of drawers, in which there seemed to be all sorts of articles such as children wear, a little brown frock and other things of a size that should fit Lily, whom she now proceeded to divest of her tattered and scanty clothing. At once the child fell sobbing on her knees, and, catching tight hold of Sister Mary's dress, whispered: 'Oh, p'ease, don't; I will be good.'

'Don't what, dear?' cried the astounded Sister Mary.

'Oh, p'ease, don't beat Lily; p'ease, don't. I will be good, I will be good,' sobbed the trembling child.

'I! darling,' said Sister Mary tenderly; 'I wouldn't hurt you for the world. I'm only going to dress you properly.'

And she kissed the little creature, who soon submitted quietly.

But no sooner was the child thoroughly stripped than Sister Mary hid her face in her hands, and uttered a cry of horror, that brought up the good Mother.

'Oh, Mother, Mother!' cried Sister Mary, as the tears ran down her cheeks, 'do look at this poor little sufferer.'

Even the severe-looking Mother's eyes grew dim, and lips grew almost white, at the spectacle she saw. The poor child's body was bruised, and scored, and scarred, and hideous with unhealed wounds.

'The police sergeant told me that she was in a woful plight,' said the good Mother, 'but I had no idea it was so bad as this. I see the doctor applied some dressing last night.'

'Such a sweet, pretty little thing!' moaned Sister Mary.

'They kept her remarkably clean, however,' observed the Mother; 'I could see that, when I was talking to her yesterday.'

'Such lovely hair, and eyes, and complexion were worth more to them when kept clean,' suggested Sister Mary.

'Hush! hush!' said the Mother warningly: 'you forget that it is against the rules here to say anything that may breed vanity: we know nothing here of good looks, or the contrary. But now finish dressing the child; you have plenty of things in

the cupboard over there that you can apply to her wounds; and then bring her down-stairs.'

In due course, Lily was dressed, taken down, and, it being the recreation-time, was led into a large garden, where the Mother and the Sisters, or as many of them as had not business which called them into the town, walked and conversed, and kept an eye on the children, who amused themselves after their kind. Of the children, there were about fifteen, all girls, and all 'waifs and strays,' whom the good Mother or her friends had sought in the highways and hedges, and compelled to come in, that her house might be filled. A few of these 'waifs and strays' were traced to, and restored to their friends; some remained, as Sisters Mary, Elizabeth, and Dorcas had, to assist the good Mother; others went into different businesses, when they were old enough; and others, not severing their connection with the 'home,' became, from a very early age, trained nurses, going through a course of drill at various hospitals in London as well as in the country, adopting the good Mother's distinctive style of dress, and assuming the style and title of 'Sister,' and sometimes, between the good Mother and other elderly persons and themselves, of 'Daughter.' Nobody was idle at the 'home,' as Lily discovered on the very afternoon of her arrival. Everybody had to do something; and everything was done under the vigilant supervision of the Mother and the three Sisters. And, if there were any truth in proverbs, they ought all to have become healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

At anyrate, the sun had not been very long off duty in Leeds on the day upon which Lily entered the 'home,' when the good Mother and the Sisters took their respective bedroom candlesticks and prepared for the rest which was to cease before 5 A.M. the next morning.

The four were laughing pleasantly; for the good Mother had been telling with grim humour how she had rescued Lily by watching the begging-party narrowly, guessing how matters stood, and biding her time for asking questions until she saw the police-officer coming.

'Poor little thing!' sighed Sister Mary; 'I wonder if we shall ever find her mother?'

'Ah!' said the good Mother, 'that depends upon a higher will than ours; meanwhile, let us rejoice that she is safe in the fold.'

Fourteen years or so had passed; and the old gentleman, without having heard any more of Mrs Perks, had been gathered to his fathers.

It was about ten o'clock at night; and the lamps were burning dimly in the many wards of a famous London hospital. Nearly every bed in every ward was occupied, and nearly every patient was unconcealed from view. But here and there had been erected all round some particular bed a tall framework, from which hung ample curtains. The hangings implied that they hid behind them a desperate, most likely a dying, case. They were intended to serve two humane purposes: to prevent the dying person from seeing anything that could cause annoyance or unadvisable distraction; and to save the other patients from the anything but healing influence of witnessing their fellow-patient's mortal agony.

As it struck ten, a young woman, whose youth, notwithstanding the thick brown veil that effec-

tually covered up her face, was attested by a figure and by movements which a rather clumsy cloak could not altogether disguise or materially impede, entered one of the wards swiftly but noiselessly, greeted the matron with a passing inclination of the head, and disappeared within the hangings round a certain bed.

She was the night-nurse, and she would be on duty until seven the next morning.

She first inspected the patient, who lay with closed eyes, was breathing stertorously, and appeared to be asleep. She then took off and hung up her bonnet and cloak; arranged the sleeping-draught and other medicines that stood on a little table by the bedside; sat down in a chair placed near the patient's pillow, drew from her pocket some needlework, and prepared to pass her long vigil. Inside the bonnet she had taken off there was fastened a frill, which had fitted tightly round her face from forehead to chin, and had given her an almost matronly appearance; but now as she sat, fresh and cool, with her hair exposed in all its beauty of soft and yellow ripples, with her large blue eyes bent modestly upon her work, with her snow-white collar turned over the top of her high brown dress, with her equally snow-white cuffs finishing off her long sleeves, with her busy fingers plying their task of needle-work, with her general air of patience and at the same time of alertness, and with her carefully trimmed and shaded lamp burning brightly at her side, she looked like one of the wise young virgins who waited to good purpose for the bridegroom's coming.

The patient was a gaunt, wan, hollow-eyed woman, who might have been any age beyond forty, whose features spoke as plainly as print of grief and hardship, and who bore unmistakably impressed upon her the stamp of death.

Fully two hours had elapsed since the young nurse's entrance; and for the last half-hour the patient had been lying motionless, but awake, watching with wistful, half-open eyes the sweet, angelic face bent over the piece of needlework.

The patient heaved a deep sigh.

In a moment the young nurse was on her feet; she gently raised the patient's head, and administered some cooling drops to the feverish lips.

'Who is it?' whispered the patient, trembling.

'Don't you know me?' answered the young nurse softly but cheerfully. 'I'm Sister Martha.'

'Ah!' muttered the patient, a little discontentedly; and then she said, pressing the nurse's hand: 'God bless you, my dear.'

'You've had a nice sleep,' said the nurse.

'Ah! and a sweet dream,' rejoined the patient in low, weak tones: 'I dreamed I'd found my little gal, after fourteen years of tramp, and trouble, and workus, and 'ospital.'

'You'll find her in a better world than this, Mother,' said Sister Martha, as she knelt by the patient's bedside.

'Mother!' ejaculated the patient with a look of astonishment. 'Ah!' she added listlessly, 'you told me that you call all old women Mother at the place you come from.'

'And they call us Daughter,' said the young nurse soothingly.

Once more the patient dozed; and the nurse resumed her seat and her occupation.

The night wore on, and the dawn approached:

it was the time when, as some say, the angels call, and the spirits of the dying can most readily respond. The patient began to move restlessly upon her bed, and once more the young nurse knelt down beside her. The patient murmured inarticulately, but the nurse could catch the sound of the word 'daughter;' and with that word upon her lips, and with her withered hand dropped helplessly upon the young nurse's fair head, the patient sighed one sigh of relief, and passed smilingly away.

Perhaps the nurse had spoken truly; perhaps the patient would find her daughter in a better world; perhaps in that world the problems of life would be solved, and an apparently unmerited martyrdom would be explained and rewarded; and perhaps Mrs Perks would there discover the meaning of her fourteen years' unsuccessful search and cruel trial, and recognise in Sister Martha the lost Lily of the Alley. For this life is but the forty years' wandering in the wilderness, during which all the wanderers suffered, but some suffered more than others.

### GLACIERS.

THE account lately given of Principal Forbes and his Alpine explorations will have prepared the way for learning some few particulars regarding the origin and character of glaciers, and what influence these bodies have had in effecting changes on the surface of the earth.

Glaciers, as will be generally known, are so called from *glace*, the French term for ice. The old idea about them was, that they were hard frozen masses, which slid down from mountain heights, melting and breaking less or more in their descent. It is only in recent times, when accurate notions were obtained regarding them, that they were found to possess a strange ductile quality, like that of tar or pitch, which enabled them to turn and wind like a river down-hill among rocks and *débris*, until they reach the plains or seas, where they are melted. A glacier, then, is an ice-river, hard to appearance, but combining in its general mass a certain degree of natural pliability, impressed on it for some good purpose.

The origin of glaciers is, of course, the snow and frozen rain that fall on high mountain tops, at which lofty elevations—sometimes fifteen to eighteen thousand feet above the sea-level—there is not sufficient heat from the sun's rays to melt the glacial masses on the spot. Dr Tyndall, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution, London, who has written a pleasant elementary book, under the title of *The Forms of Water*, speaks of solar heat being the true origin of glaciers; and such, though it may seem paradoxical, is the case. The phenomenon is explained in this way. The sun, acting on the ocean within the tropics, causes an exhalation, which floats away as clouds to the polar regions, as well as to high mountain ranges, where in each case the clouds yield up their contents as snow or rain, the materials out of which glaciers are formed. Icebergs, the terror of mariners at certain seasons in the Atlantic, and often the cause of shipwrecks, are nothing but glaciers which have slid down from the mountains within the arctic circle, and slipped in huge broken masses into the sea. For a time they may remain crowded together, but the summer

heat, or action of the sea, detaches them, and so they set off southwards, down Baffin's Bay into the Atlantic, floating and tumbling about, the size of large and small islands, until they are gradually melted. Similar phenomena take place in the southern polar seas. On a smaller scale, the same thing is seen in early summer on some of the high-lying lakes of Switzerland. Into these sheets of water, glaciers which have slid from the mountains float about like miniature icebergs until dissolved by the increasing warmth of the season.

Whether at the polar regions or elsewhere, the glacial masses that finally fall from heights are by no means of fresh conformation. It may have been years since they were deposited as snow and frozen into ice. The manufacture of glaciers, so to speak, is always going on. The ice-river is ever assuming shape at the upper, and breaking off or melting at the lower, end; the rate of progress of the glacial stream and final dispersion depending on the nature of the declivity, along with seasonal and other influences. Alpine explorers are well acquainted with the process of formation at different stages. The snow that clothes the higher peaks falls in avalanches into the hollows forming the upper part of the mountain valleys. These hollows may be compared to the hoppers of a mill, into which the grain is poured for grinding. In these basin-like receptacles there is always an accumulation, summer and winter, of old and new snow, which becomes a partially hardened mass, called *névé* by the French-speaking inhabitants of Savoy. *Névé* is the rudimental condition of ice formed by pressure applied to snow. We have a familiar example of this in squeezing and kneading a snow-ball, when the snow happens to be at or near the melting-point. By extreme pressure, as, for instance, by the Bramah hydraulic press, snow may be transformed into solid blocks of ice, a fact not sufficiently taken advantage of by persons wishing to have ice ready at hand in winter.

A collection of *névé* presents all the conditions of ice-manufacture on a large scale. There is, first, a store of snow of the proper temperature: for, if we suppose its temperature at the outset to be lower than the freezing-point, it is constantly permeated during the summer months by water trickling through it from the melting surface; and this water, by freezing partly, and thus giving off latent heat, soon raises the whole mass to the temperature of 32° Fah. This temperature once attained, remains constant, because the greatest cold of winter does not affect the mass of *névé* to a greater depth than it does the earth, if even so deep; so that summer and winter the manufacture can go on. Secondly, there is a power always at work, equal to that of hundreds of Bramah presses; a power arising simply from the weight of the parts above—often hundreds of feet deep—pressing upon the parts below. This is the force that welds the original snowy particles into a solid transparent substance; and it is the same force, the pressure of its own weight, that urges the solidified mass down the valley to its final destination.

The belief that a glacier was a solid, hard body, without a tendency to bend and adapt itself to the turnings in its downward course, was inconsistent with any rational theory; for, without the ductile quality, glaciers would, in sinuous valleys, never have slid down at all, but accumulated on the spot till they formed mountains of ice. Their ductility is a

wise provision of nature to get rid of them. Yet, it was long before this was understood. The first hint as to glacial flexibility was given exactly a hundred years ago by M. Bordier of Geneva, in an account of his journey among the glaciers of Savoy. Still, the hint offered on the subject did not arrest attention, even if generally known; and it was left for the Rev. M. Rendu, a Roman Catholic priest, who became Bishop of Annecy, to refer more definitely to the principle of glacial flexibility. In a paper laid before an Academy of Sciences in Savoy in 1841, he compared the motion of a glacier to that of a river winding its way between its banks with greater velocity at the middle than the sides. Acquainted with these views of Rendu, Principal Forbes comes on the scene in 1842, and at once, by careful measurements, settles the matter to the satisfaction of the scientific world. He established the fact that 'a glacier is an imperfect fluid, or viscous body, which is urged down slopes of certain inclination by the natural pressure of its parts.'

The Mer de Glace above Chamouni, which was the scene of Forbes's explorations, is the greatest of all the glaciers of the Alps, and may be taken as a type of glaciers in general. English tourists in summer, proceeding in carriages from Geneva to Chamouni, make this celebrated glacier an object of a day's amusing excursion. Streaming down a broad valley in the mountains, it looks like a rugged river of ice, the more remarkable for being seen to pursue its way amidst woods and fields bright with verdure. It is formed by the junction of three tributaries, two of which present the sublime spectacle of an ice cascade. There is also a cascade at the termination of the main stream, which is regularly visited by travellers. The length of the ice-stream from the *névé* of the longest tributary to the termination in the valley of Chamouni is eight or nine miles, and the breadth is over half a mile. To the eye, its motion is not observable, and it is only by means of daily markings in relation to the rocky margin that the motion of the mass is ascertained. The rate of flow is very various. The middle of the main stream moves in summer about twenty inches in twenty-four hours—for the sake of memory, we may say, an inch in the hour. In winter, the velocity is about half as much. It is only what we should expect, that the rills of water permeating the mass in all directions in summer would promote its semi-fluid motion. But the absence of this lubrication in winter does not arrest the flow, as was at one time assumed, although it renders it less. In the tributaries, too, the motion is slower than in the main stream. So slow is the general progress, that the snow falling at the farthest-off source takes, according to the best calculation, one hundred and twenty years to reach the valley of Chamouni.

Slowly creep, creeping, and here and there rising in jagged peaks, the glacier is a study. There may be said to be a constant interchange of condition going on, from melting to freezing, and freezing to melting, according as pressure is increased or relaxed, or as seasonal influences operate. The process of 'regelation,' as it is termed, takes place rapidly when the compressing force is great, but a very slight pressure between two wet surfaces is sufficient when a considerable time is allowed. Though bearing to be squeezed, ice is very impatient of stretching, and breaks at once if

suddenly bent. Hence the clefts or *crevasses* that form in glaciers, wherever the declivity of the bed alters. Clefts are often of great extent, as wide sometimes as twenty, fifty, or more feet, and mostly of a depth from a hundred to two hundred feet. They constitute a great danger to pedestrians on the glaciers, especially when they are concealed by quantities of fresh fallen snow, and there is scarcely a season in which they are not the cause of lamentable catastrophes. To guard against the treachery of the surface, guides, with the frequent use of the alpenstock, is necessary. But all sometimes will not do.

As seen in these clefts or yawning crevasses, the ice is of remarkable crystalline clearness and of a deep-blue colour. To a person who can approach and look with due caution into one of these chasms, the sight is one of the grandest and most beautiful in nature. Neither the colour nor the texture of the ice is perfectly uniform. It presents a veined structure, as if constructed of laminae of varying tint and structure like chalcedony. These laminae, which generally have a vertical position, are supposed to present a record of the gradual formation and movement of the parts.

The surface of a glacier is not equally beautiful with its interior. It is strewn with rocks, dirt, and débris, brought down in its course. Heaps of the rubbish deposited like long mounds at the sides and terminal points of the ice-streams, are called *moraines*. The remains of ancient moraines are seen in innumerable parts of the world, and a description of them has been a fertile theme for geologists. In some instances, the rubbish brought down by glaciers and the streams that flow from them, have so far filled up lakes as to reduce them to the character of a river. It seems probable that, from causes of this kind, the Lake of Geneva will ultimately disappear, leaving only the Rhone flowing between green fertile banks.

Glaciers give rise to another phenomenon. The angular pieces of hard rocks embedded in the mass graze and scratch the rocky bottom and sides of the ice-stream, leaving grooves or striae as a memorial of glacier action for all future times. In this way, a glacier is a vast polishing-machine, compared to which the works of man in that line are poor indeed.

Rocks so smoothed and furrowed are not confined to the regions of existing glaciers. Their occurrence is so frequent, and their origin so unmistakable, as to enable geologists to affirm that in regions where glaciers are now unknown, every valley, at one period of the history of the earth, was filled with a stream of ice. What glaciers do, however, is not confined to these markings, or to the deposit of moraines. As floating icebergs, they carry with them erratic blocks of stone, which, being dropped into the ocean, and they become known as boulders. The rounding off of their angular parts is understood to be mainly due to their rubbing on rocks in their glacial progress. When of a small size, lying on the sea-shore, they also get rounded by rolling about among each other. Where seas have shifted and left dry land, boulders are seen in various quarters, lying composedly on plains and hill-sides hundreds of miles away from the place of their origin, and forming a striking feature in the landscape. They abound on sea-shores, and stud the plains of Northern Germany in a very



picturesque way. One of the largest known erratic boulders is that which was found on a marshy plain near St Petersburg, weighing fifteen hundred tons, and now forms the pedestal in that city for a statue of Peter the Great. The process of depositing boulders is going on from the coast of Greenland, whence icebergs are carrying them, and dropping them in the Atlantic. When that ocean shifts its bed, they will be found by the geological inquirers of long future ages.

## LADY LIVINGSTON'S LEGACY.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.—HUNTED DOWN.

IN all Whitborne, itself one of the prettiest and duldest watering-places on the English south coast, there was perhaps no house so prettily situated as that of Philip Dashwood's widow. There were other mansions more pretentious, no doubt, but none prettier than the Dingle, with its high banks draped by the greenest turf, its garden glorious with fuchsias, and roses, and myrtles, its miniature dells full of graceful fern, and the grateful shade of its spreading sycamores. There was a steep descent, clothed with hazel trees, from the western boundary of the little demesne, to where the clear swift Whit babbled and tinkled in the ravine below, on its passage to the sea. And of the sea itself there were glorious glimpses visible between the high banks and the leafy boughs. The peaceful quiet of the place was well suited to a wounded spirit; and Mrs Dashwood, a childless widow, for whom social life had lost its zest, had felt her grief gradually lose somewhat of its first poignancy under the soothing influences of the spot which she had selected for her home.

Early on the afternoon of the day which had witnessed the decisive quarrel between Aphy Larpent and Violet Maybrook, a housemaid of Mrs Philip Dashwood's, going on some errand to the little town, observed a lady, a stranger to her, and apparently to the place, hovering about the limits of her mistress's little territory, and glancing, as if in hesitation, at where the white cottage, overgrown with ivy and blossomed creepers, was visible between the trees. Housemaids, very naturally, seldom care very much about any female face excepting that which the looking-glass shews them as they adjust their coquettish caps; but Mrs Dashwood's Sarah was often heard afterwards to say that she had never before seen any one half so lovely as was the strange lady in question, though there was something in her look which, so Sarah averred, made her blood run cold. But this may probably have been an impression due to after-events. Certain it is that when the girl returned from her mission she was surprised to see the beautiful lady still hanging about the inclosure, until, becoming conscious of the hand-maiden's observation, she abruptly rang the bell at the wicket-gate, and asked, first for Miss Fleming, and then for Mrs Dashwood.

Mrs Dashwood, it so happened, was from home, and her visitor was with her; in fact, the beauty of the day had tempted the widow and her young friend to drive over to the ruined castle of Grey-stoke, which, as every one knows, is the chief lion, archeologically, of that country-side.

'Then, if you please, I will wait. Mrs Dashwood has known me for a long time, and my name is Miss Maybrook,' said the stranger; and she was

forthwith inducted into the cool drawing-room of the cottage, where, through the open windows, came the drowsy hum of the bees that were busy among the blossoms of the creeper trained over the flower-embosomed verandah outside.

A long time—some ninety minutes, perhaps, of our mortal division into measures which we call days, hours, and so forth, of what is our only real worldly possession, existence—did Violet pass, unmurmuringly, in that shaded drawing-room of the Dingle. There she stayed, patiently. We are often patient, when quickest action is demanded. Violet Maybrook, sitting quietly there, under the roof of her former friend and patroness, was at least full of strong young life, daring, beautiful, winning; not fit to die. Yet there she sat, mechanically hearkening to the ticking of the clock, but never once reflecting that every beat of the pendulum, every advance of the slow-moving dial-hand, might bring nearer and nearer yet the final moment of despair. Flight, prompt, well-planned, boldly executed flight, would have been her truest wisdom. She was young and fair, and life should have been dear enough to her to make her a careful steward of that priceless boon which we lavish so freely. But there she staid, waiting, waiting, while nearer and nearer, surer and surer, crept on the destined hour of misery and of doom. Violet Maybrook should at least have had the instinct of the hunted creature that cannot rest when the hounds are plunging into the brushwood, and that sniffs the tainted wind, and flees. Yet there she sat, waiting.

At last came the roll of carriage-wheels, and then the tread of feet and the sound of voices, and Mrs Dashwood and Beatrice Fleming came into the room. 'Miss Maybrook!' 'Violet!' said the two voices, in accents of surprise, and she who was addressed started as from sleep to return the greeting. Beatrice did but extend her hand; but the widow came warmly forward and kissed Violet on the cheek, twice. 'You dear, good girl!' she said: 'this is kind indeed!' Violet Maybrook, as she felt the touch of Mrs Dashwood's lips upon her own soft cheek, flushed crimson, and a sharp shuddering thrill ran through her, and then she grew pale again, and leant heavily on the back of the chair beside her, as if for support. 'It is nothing,' she said faintly, in answer to Mrs Dashwood's inquiry as to whether she were ill; 'a mere nothing. Perhaps, as the old saying is, some one was walking over my grave.' And she smiled, but not in mirth, and her strength seemed to return to her. 'You wonder to see me here, unasked,' she said; 'nor must I take credit for having come here solely to see my old friend and kind employer. It is on Miss Fleming's account that I have thought fit to present myself at Whitborne. Mrs Dashwood has heard, I have no doubt, sufficient of the lost will—Lady Livingston's, I mean,' she added.

'Has anything come to light concerning it?' asked Mrs Dashwood eagerly. 'I wrote to Mr Glegg, three days since, and had his answer this morning to the effect that he'—

'Mr Glegg, dear Mrs Philip Dashwood, knows no more about the matter than does the coachman who drove you to-day to Greystoke Castle,' interrupted Violet. 'There is only one person, besides myself, who does know anything of the will's being in existence, so far as I can tell. And that

person— Were you not surprised, Mrs Dashwood, perhaps a little shocked, too, to hear that I had set up housekeeping in London with an old acquaintance of both of us—Aphrodite Larpent?’

‘I was surprised, as you say, Violet,’ returned the widow gravely: ‘grieved too, my dear. I have not long been aware that Miss Davis and this wretched girl, Aphy Larpent, were one and the same. I had indeed written a letter of remonstrance to you, Violet, dear, and there it lies in my desk; but, knowing your pride, my dear, as well as I know your purity and your noble, unsuspecting nature, I felt a little nervous about sending it. So now you know the truth, and, after all, I am sure your motive in taking so singular a step was a good and generous one.’

She was not given to harsh judgments, this widow of Philip Dashwood. Her very aspect—soft, kind woman that she was—told of a spirit that woe had saddened, but not soured. No doubt but that she had been pretty in youth, and even now she was comely, though the last year had scattered many a streak of white hair among the dark, glossy braids, which time had left unchanged until her grief grew to be well nigh more than she could bear. It was a very pleasant face still, in spite of the traces of care—one of those faces that it is good to see beside a sick-bed, and that are scarcely less welcome in their unselfish sympathy with our prosperity. She was attired in the deepest mourning, but hers was a chastened sadness, and the smile that occasionally played about her lips was very gentle. Oddly enough, after one keen glance, Violet had preferred to look at the wall, at the pictures, at Beatrice Fleming, at anything but the face of worthy Mrs Philip Dashwood.

‘The person,’ resumed Violet, ‘who shares my knowledge of the existence of the document is, in all probability, the person who stole it. If not the thief, which I strongly suspect, she was at least the receiver of what was thus stolen. You know that Aphy Larpent was in the room with Lady Livingston when she died, engaged, as she declared, in sorting papers. The death was sudden, and the alarm was given by the one person present when it occurred. A very short delay would have given time to rifle some desk or drawer in which prying eyes might have discovered that the will was lodged. There is no need to recur to the theory that the street robbery of Mr Goodeve, the lawyer, had anything to do with the matter. But be that as it may, the will passed into the keeping of Aphrodite Larpent. I, her guest, perceived that she had something—what it was, I speedily guessed—to conceal. It was the very feverishness of her anxiety that first aroused my suspicions. She was constantly assuring herself of the security of her hidden treasure. As often occurs, her cunning and her care served to over-reach herself. I found out the drawer in which the precious packet was deposited, and by the help of false keys’—

‘You, Miss Maybrook!’ exclaimed Beatrice incredulously.

‘Of false keys,’ repeated Violet with cold persistency, ‘I obtained, when a final quarrel between my old schoolmate and myself seemed imminent, possession of this valuable paper. Does not the end justify the means? To you, Miss Fleming, it means the restitution of the inheritance wrongfully snatched away. To myself, it implies the punishment of her whose greed is baffled now, and—

Did you not hear wheels coming towards us, very fast?’

But neither Beatrice nor the widow had heard the wheels, nor could they withdraw their thoughts from the astounding news they had just heard.

‘Then, if so, where is the will? And why, if you suspected in what keeping it was, Violet,’ said Mrs Dashwood, ‘did you not adopt more creditable means to’—

‘To get the document out of the clutch in which it was, you would say?’ broke in Violet scornfully. ‘Yes, I might have applied to the attorney; and the probabilities are that, at the first intimation of mischief, the paper on which hangs so much would have been burned into a mere feathery heap of ashes. I acted, instead of talking, and the property is saved.—I was certain I heard wheels—they are nearer now.’ So they were, but yet so distant that none but an ear sharpened by nervous tension to an unnatural pitch could have caught the sounds when Violet’s senses had first become cognisant of them.

‘Then what,’ Beatrice began timidly, ‘have you done, since you’—

‘Since I robbed the robber, you imply?’ returned Violet impatiently. ‘My single action has been to hasten here. They are coming now, in that carriage, whoever they may be. Remember this, and this only—that I came to-day to do justice, and that without reward, or hope of reward. I have restored Heavittree and its annual thousands to the proper owner. Bear that in mind, whatever you may hear of me, whatever’— She ceased speaking, and seemed to listen.

‘You talk wildly, dear Violet,’ said the widow, looking anxiously in the pale beautiful face. ‘And where is the will?’

‘It is here,’ answered Violet quickly; and as she spoke, she threw upon the table a weighty packet, still in its outer wrapping of thick bluish paper, and with the seal intact. There could be little doubt about its character, for the envelope bore, conspicuously, the endorsement: ‘Last Will and Testament of the Dowager Lady Livingston,’ with the date of its execution. The wheels were very near now, coming furiously on.

‘And now I go,’ said Violet abruptly; but even as she turned towards the door, the carriage without seemed to come to a sudden stop; there was the sound of voices in the garden, of hasty feet upon the gravel of the path, the clang of the gate-bell, and the hurrying of servants, who seemed to feel, as by instinct, that something different from the quiet monotony of every-day life was about to occur. The steps were in the passage now; there was a low hum of talking, and almost immediately afterwards the door of the drawing-room opened, and a maid-servant thrust in her white, frightened face: ‘O ma’am, here is’— Sarah began thus, when she was gently, but irresistibly pushed aside by a strong arm, and the tall, rigid form of Superintendent Starkey of the detective police appeared on the threshold. What, too, was the slight, elfish figure that followed?—worlds of malignant triumph in the cruel smile, in the glowing eyes, in the steady fixity of gaze, as if Aphy Larpent had been no creature of flesh and blood, but the goblin gnome that she looked to be. The instant that her eyes rested on Violet’s impassive beauty, she had laid her hand upon the detective’s arm, and whispered in his ear. And Superintendent Starkey, with a stiff bow, and a

muttered sentence of apology for his intrusion, strode across the room.

'Miss Violet Maybrook?' he said, somewhat less glibly than usual. 'Yes; I thought so. My prisoner, then, by virtue of this warrant, in Her Majesty's name; and pray, remember, as it is my duty to inform you, that whatever you say will be used against you on your trial.' And he stood very close to Violet, not touching her, but in evident watchfulness of her every movement.

'Of what am I accused?' asked Violet boldly, but after a dreadful pause.

'Of wilful murder,' was the answer. 'A painful thing to say it, miss; but right's right, and I must do my office. Whatever you say will be used against you.'

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.—APHRODITE TELLS THE STORY.

Murder! the grim name for a grim deed, has a ghastly fascination in its very sound that few other words in our language possess. This crowning crime, like Milton's bad archangel, stands apart from all the baleful sisterhood of sins, and those who lie under the ban of it appear to the fancy of the spectators to be invested by a lurid atmosphere of their own, a blood-red haze that cuts them off from wholesome humanity. But such an accusation, brought against one so bright, frank, and fearless as Violet Maybrook, could not readily obtain credence, and after the first moment of speechless surprise, incredulity succeeded to astonishment.

'It is impossible; I do not believe it,' exclaimed Beatrice; while the widow was even more indignant at such a charge against her young friend.

'This must be some dreadful mistake,' she said, coming round to Violet's side, and taking her cold hand between her own; 'either that, or a base and wicked calumny, such as might be looked for,' she added, with an angry glance towards Aphrodite Larpent, 'from such a quarter.—My dear, poor darling!' she went on tenderly, 'it is no wonder that she should be thunder-struck at such an infamy as this.'

And thunder-struck indeed did Violet Maybrook at first appear to be. She had rehearsed, in thought, many a time, such a scene as this, and considered how she should act, how speak, in certain contingencies. But now the actual hour had arrived, the reality was so much more terrible than the anticipation of it had been, that she was quite silent and passive.

'Speak, Violet, and tell them—tell us that you know not what they mean!' said Mrs Dashwood, passing her arm round the girl's waist, as if to assure her of her support. 'This person is, I suppose, an officer of justice?'

'Superintendent Starkey, of the detectives, madam,' answered the tall man in the tightly buttoned surcoat; 'and I have authority for what I do—a painful duty, I assure you. If you will take the advice of a man who has had twenty-five years' experience of family affairs, you will rather persuade this young lady to come quietly along with me, and reserve her defence, than to say what must come to be repeated at the Central Criminal Court. That's always the proper plan—reserve your defence—if you'll believe me.'

'Such counsel may be good for guilty wretches who seek to elude deserved punishment,' cried Mrs Dashwood, all her woman's nature in a glow of indignant sympathy; 'not for a girl like this,

whom I have loved as my own daughter almost, and who has been justly esteemed and prized from childhood upwards by those who knew her. She is a stranger here in England, but I can vouch for her innocence. Innocence! it is an outrage to question it when such a charge is brought. Am I to understand, by Miss Larpent's intrusion here, that *she* is the accuser?'

'She is the witness, certainly. We don't look to her to prosecute, but she furnishes the evidence on which the crown will rely,' answered the policeman, with an awkwardness not usual with him, as if his mind were preoccupied by some anxiety which he could not readily relieve.

'This must be some horrible deception, or some extraordinary error, I am sure of it,' said Beatrice, looking from one face to another. 'No one could have led a more harmless, quiet life, since she came to England, than Miss Maybrook's, to my knowledge, has been.'

'Tell them!' said Aphy harshly, and pointing with her finger towards Violet, who remained marble-white and mute, as if frozen into ice.

'The charge concerns what was alleged to have been done in Canada,' said the detective, reddening, and shuffling with his large feet. 'Now, indeed, Mrs Dashwood, you had better leave us to settle it without you—indeed you had.'

'In Canada! Violet accused of such a crime there!' exclaimed Mrs Dashwood. 'This is a mere impudent fabrication. It must be due to spiteful anger at Miss Maybrook for restoring the stolen will.'

'The will!' almost shrieked Aphrodite Larpent, as her pale face changed to a livid hue, and her restless eyes roved from face to face, as if to seek an explanation.

'The will! ah, true; I had forgotten that,' said Violet, breaking silence for the first time. 'Yes, I restored the will, and the result is, as you see, that she who purloined it brands me as a—murderess.' There was something unnatural in the calm, passionless tone in which these words were uttered, more as if they had been spoken by a sleep-walker than by a sentient human being face to face with so horrible an accusation, which painfully impressed the by-standers.

'You are not yourself at this moment, dear Violet,' said Mrs Dashwood apologetically, as it were, for the strange stoicism of her whose cause she was defending; 'and can hardly realise the full bearing of this shameful charge.—Yes,' she continued, turning to the policeman, 'Lady Livingston's will, of the loss of which you have very likely heard, is here.' And she lifted the heavy packet from the table where it lay, that the detective might read the endorsement. With a kind of cry like that of a bird of prey, Aphy Larpent darted forward, as if to snatch the document from the widow's hand; but with a rapid revulsion of feeling, she checked herself, and with a vengeful glance at Violet, resumed her former attitude of expectancy.

'This is a find!' said the superintendent excitedly. 'Well, well! after all our pains and all our search, to light upon it here, of all places! It is worth taking care of, ma'am, now you have got it; and if you'll permit me to suggest, I should say that Mr Glegg ought to be communicated with, by the wires, this very day. Not a moment should be lost, with so much money turning on it. Why, that very will my brother-officer has been tracing high and low, down Yorkshire way first, then



across the Herring-pond, and now, lo and behold! the game is over, and there is nothing left but to— I forgot! And indeed, in his surprise at the discovery of the will, the honest detective had allowed the actual object of his presence in that place to escape his memory. He winced as he remembered the work in hand, and his voice was not so steady as usual as he resumed: 'But duty must be attended to.—Now, Miss Maybrook, you are a lady of education, and sense, and spirit, and don't need to be reminded by a half-taught man like me that circumstances often look suspicious enough to warrant investigation, and yet afterwards are cleared up to the satisfaction of all. That's the use of lawyers, to piece and patch together this little thing and that little thing, and get date and place right; and they can do it, being cool about it, much better than principals can. So, if you'll come with me, Miss Maybrook, and, as I said, reserve your defence until you have professional advice, it will be much the best. You have no harsh treatment to apprehend, and nothing arbitrary. It's your right, if you choose, to be taken before a county magistrate, who will examine my warrant, and back it if he thinks fit; but if you'll believe me, to come quietly back to London will be your wisest plan and the pleasantest.'

It was plain that the superintendent was exceedingly desirous to get Violet away from the room and the house without prolonging the conversation, and it was evident, too, that his purpose was not unkindly. It was absolutely an imploring look which he addressed to Aphrodite as the latter raised her forefinger and shook it tauntingly at Violet Maybrook, saying, in a voice that sounded like the croak of a raven: 'Tell her—tell them, who was the victim, and what the crime, or I must.'

These words produced a fearful effect on Violet, who recoiled a pace or two, shaking herself free from Mrs Dashwood's encircling arm. The dead could scarcely have been more death-like in their pallor than was her beautiful face now, and it was in a broken and hollow voice that she said to the superintendent: 'Yes, lead me away. See, I will go quietly; I am ready. Chain me, if you will'—and she held out her clasped hands as if to receive the steel manacles—'but spare me—spare her.' And her haggard gaze turned furtively towards the widow, who trembled, without knowing why, as did Beatrice Fleming.

'You are driving the poor thing mad, and she wanders in her speech,' said Mrs Dashwood; for the first time admitting within herself that the hideous accusation might be true. Aphrodite Larpent, intent upon the scene before her, laughed; such a laugh as fiends might utter when the tempted succumb to their evil influence!

'Will you tell her, sir, or shall I?' she demanded, inexorably.

The superintendent answered by an oath, which we will hope shared the fate of Uncle Toby's honest expletive, and was not registered against him by the recording angel.

'I'll do it,' he said, with a groan, 'since needs must, and better it should come from my lips, after all, than that of yonder jade,' jerking his elbow towards Aphrodite.—'Mrs Dashwood, I'm compelled to speak out, though, Heaven knows, I sought to be tender with your feelings, though, of course, the bad news could not be long concealed. Your poor little boy, that was accidentally drowned'

'Charley, my boy! My dead, only darling!' exclaimed the widow, scarcely able, with her white lips, to frame the words. 'What can you have to tell me of him, cruel that you are!'

'Well! he didn't come to his death by fair means—that is alleged, at least, not proved, of course!' added the officer rapidly. 'The charge against Miss Maybrook is that of murder, since she, being his governess, and alone by the river-bank, out in Canada there, is said to have'

'To have thrust him from the bank to perish. These eyes saw it done!' hissed out Aphrodite Larpent. 'I was near enough, unseen myself, behind the green sumach bushes, to see yonder cold-blooded murderess do the deed. Oh, it was horrible! I am bad enough, but I could not have found it in even my heart to be the butcher of that pretty lamb, that clung to her, screaming in fear and wonder, and begging her, with a babble of loving words—for he loved her, as you all did—not to be angry with Charley, not to hurt Charley, not to kill'—That was the last word that reached me, and it was spoken as she forced him down, for the second time, into the cruel flood below; for he had struggled hard for his little life, poor child, and his golden curls were all wet and dragged as he clung to the bank, and tried to grasp the dress the murderess wore—his blue eyes wild with terror, and his innocent face upturned. I ran forward, calling to my brother, Bruce, who was walking somewhat behind me; but I was not in time to obey my first impulse, and to save him. No! When I came up, aid was of no use. The little corpse was already the sport of the rapids, as the swift water swept it swirling among the eddies and the shoals; and was found far down the river, as you know. A black, base, cruel deed! To harm that pretty boy was what the worst ruffian from the frontiers would scarcely have done; and yet he was murdered, wilfully, coldly, and of set purpose, and that by the dear teacher, the dear friend, whom, next to his mother, he loved! That I made a wicked bargain to conceal the murder, in consideration of Violet Maybrook's lavish promises of money, influence, help through life, is true. I am not here to defend myself, or to gloss over my own conduct. Bruce had been attached to the girl, who never had deigned to smile on him, and he, too, was urgent with me not to bring her to disgrace and punishment. The mischief was done. To denounce yonder monster would not have brought Charley Dashwood back to life; and it behoved lost Aphrodite Larpent, shunned and flouted by the respectable and virtuous, to make for herself what friends, or rather what instruments, she could. I repeat, the murder was a deliberate one. There was no accident, no sudden impulse of anger; all was coolly planned. The Irish nurse, on whom the blame fell, did indeed indulge in liquor at the farmhouse, but her drink, thanks to the adroitness of Violet Maybrook, was drugged, and her lingering to sleep off its effects on the verge of the forest, was calculated beforehand. Never yet'

A shriek, long, wild, heart-rending, burst from the unhappy mother as she heard these last words, and realised their full import. As the dreadful narrative proceeded, she had listened, speechless with agony and half-incredulous horror, still hoping, with the hopefulness which sometimes dulls the edge of great suffering, that the shocking story might be untrue. But gradually the details had



shaped themselves too accurately for unbelief to be prolonged. Yes, it must be true. If she had doubted yet, one glance at Violet's face was enough to carry conviction home to the heart of the bereaved mother. It was terrible, that face, in its haggard, despairing beauty, with its unearthly pallor, its dilated eyes, the lips slightly parted, the brow borne erect, as if reckless, now, of men's hate or earthly chastisement. No wonder, if at length the widow's pent-up anguish broke forth into that one cry of passionate woe, and that then she sank down, senseless, happily for her, on the floor.

Then came a time of hurrying feet and ringing of bells, and the sound of excited voices, and poor Mrs Philip Dashwood was huddled away, and laid on her bed, to recover, alas! only too soon, and to feel the old wound opened; the grief for her irreparable loss made into one of tenfold bitterness. That bright, fair boy, loved and loving! he to be the price, coldly paid, of a compact of marriage; and his destroyer, that seemingly noble girl, the dear, true-hearted, elder sister, to whose cruel hand he clung so trustingly; good, beautiful Violet! When the widow regained her powers of thought, the while that Beatrice Fleming watched beside her couch, it seemed as though her burning forehead could scarcely bear the throbbing of the overtasked brain. Violet, a murderer! Violet, the proud, pure, stately maiden, on whom all Montreal had looked as on something fairer, nobler, more gracious, than the crowd of pretty damsels that frequented the ball-room and the skating-rink. She had been poor, and Mrs Dashwood had been foremost in striving that she should be kept from the ills of poverty, from its enforced self-denial, its narrow cares, its carking anxiety, the gloom that it often casts over the outset of a joyous young life. And how had the frozen snake rewarded the kind hand that tended it! It was all the more sad and strange that Violet Maybrook's name had been not undeservedly coupled with praise for good deeds done. She had nursed the sick, when some fell malady made hiring attendants flinch from the contagion to be dreaded. She had saved lives, and notoriously, on two occasions, that of her enemy and accuser, Aphy Larpent, such saving being more common in the wild, free, colonial mode of living, where nature is yet but half-tamed, and virgin forest, and lake, and mighty river woo the adventurous, than on our side of the Atlantic. No one had ever known her to tell a falsehood, or to be treacherous, false, or cruel. Children came clustering round her with their loyal love, and it is said that those whom the young and stainless trust and admire, must be worthy of the admiration and the faith.

Yet it never came, for one instant, into Mrs Dashwood's head to doubt that the fearful truth had been spoken. She had seen it written on Violet's marble cheek, in her haggard eyes, in her blanched lips. True, too true! Her very silence was eloquent. The manner in which she had endured the accusation was of itself equivalent to a confession. She had not wept, or crouched, or owned her guilt. All the common signs of penitence or panic had been absent. But neither had she been able to brazen out the matter as vulgar criminals do. Speech had failed her from the first. Not naturally a dissembler, she had ill-played her part when taxed with the enormous wickedness, the horrid crime, for which her life was justly forfeit. But the boy! the boy! That he, of all children, should

have been thus cut off! It was as though he had died again, as though the little grave were but freshly dug, the flowers lying unwithered on the tiny coffin, the old gnawing pain, still new and bitter at the mother's heart. Foully done to death, and by whose contrivance! Slain, and by whose un pitying hand! She remembered—it was a renewed pang to the lonely widow to remember it—that she had encouraged the boy to call his governess by the fond name of sister; that his high spirit and hers had seemed to be in some sense akin; that Charley had been sometimes wayward and rebellious with his mother, but with Violet never; that the girl had once sat all night long beside his little bed in sickness, patiently holding the clinging, feverish fingers in hers as he slept, and she kept vigil, uncomplaining; that in convalescence the boy would accept food from no hand but that of 'Sister Vi'; and that she had murdered him. It was like the shadowy, shapeless horror of an evil dream.

Meanwhile, the sound of another approaching carriage, coming fast on through the twilight, had been succeeded by that of steps on the smooth gravel of the garden-path, and Oswald Charlton, accompanied by Sergeant Flint, had entered the house. The Dingle, usually the abode of peaceful order, was by this time in a state of complete confusion. The mistress of the house lay ill in her darkened chamber up-stairs. There had been an interchange of messages between the quiet cottage and the police station nearer to the sea-beach, ending in the arrival of two constables, one of whom patrolled the garden without, while the other had entered, and with him a hard-featured woman, with bony fingers that were well experienced in searching among the garments of what newspapers technically describe as female prisoners. Into this dismal category had Violet Maybrook now passed. From the moment when Mrs Dashwood had fallen swooning to the ground, and had so been borne from the room, a change had appeared to come over the accused. Her pride and her self-possession seemed to return to her, and as she drew herself up to her full height, and looked down upon the puny form of her denouncer, somewhat of her old haughty loveliness came back, like a mellow gleam of sunshine at the end of a dying day.

'The story has been artfully prepared,' she said boldly, 'and well rehearsed, I have no doubt. It is not here that its truth is to be tested, or that I am to be judged. A more impartial audience will decide, hereafter, between my version of the deplorable accident, and that which you have just so greedily drunk in. With the person before me, I will not argue, or bandy words, nor will I, unless under compulsion, remain in her presence. For the rest, you will find me an obedient prisoner; and I intend, Superintendent Starkey, to take your well-meant advice, and, in your own words, to reserve my defence.'

Then, without deigning to notice Aphrodite Larpent, she allowed herself to be led away, and conducted, under custody, to another room.

'As regards you, Miss Larpent,' said the superintendent, on returning to where Aphy was still standing, 'you had better sit down and make yourself as comfortable as you can, for a bit, until I receive instructions, for which I have just telegraphed. After what has occurred'—

'Do you mean that I, too, am a prisoner?' asked Aphy Larpent savagely. 'Even if I were the jade that you so politely called me, surely you dare not detain me here against my desire.'

'I dare not, miss,' returned the man seriously, 'take it on my own responsibility after what has come out'—

'About the will, do you mean?' interrupted Aphy.

'About the will, which is safe now,' replied the detective, tapping with his strong fingers the place where it lay tightly buttoned in beneath his dark-blue surtout; 'with respect to the concealment of which—if no guilty knowledge—some explanation is necessary. Now, must I call in the constable you see from the window, to remain here during my absence, or may I rely on your being tractable?'

'Tractable!' Yes, Aphrodite would be tractable. It must be understood, and clearly, that she must be exonerated from any criminal charge, or at least from its consequences, before she would consent to give her testimony in open court; but so far as present submission went, she was ready to comply, only hoping that Mr Starkey would have the grace not to test her patience too severely. So saying, she sat herself down, sullenly enough, in a corner, and, taking up a book from the table near her, read, or feigned to read. Superintendent Starkey highly commended his troublesome witness for her very sensible resolve; but, nevertheless, when he left the room, he thoughtfully took the precaution of turning the key in the lock. And, an hour or so afterwards, Oswald Charlton, in company with Sergeant Flint, arrived at the Dingle.

It was nearly dark when the doctor who had been in attendance on Mrs Dashwood came downstairs, to report, before leaving the house, that the widow had fully regained consciousness, and that the first outburst of her renewed sorrow had spent itself without, so he hoped, any permanent injury to her health or reason. He readily consented to be the bearer of a message from Oswald, entreating Beatrice to see him for a moment; and soon those two, so drawn to one another by sympathy and love, so strangely separated by circumstances, met to hold a brief colloquy outside of Mrs Dashwood's chamber door. Beatrice Fleming looked pale and agitated, and the traces of recent tears were glistening on her young cheek, but it was happiness to her to feel the pressure of Oswald's hand, and to hear his voice once more.

'We must speak low,' she whispered; 'for this poor lady is awake now, though all but speechless with sorrow. You have heard the dreadful history! Oh, it was horrible; and to think that this unhappy girl was an inmate of the dear old house at Richmond, and constantly in our company! It seems like a horrid dream, too frightful to be true. Had she but denied it'—

'She could not, I fear,' answered Oswald sadly. 'Truth has a power of its own, even when it speaks by such vile lips as those of the accuser in this case. That Miss Larpent's motives were base and selfish throughout, none could doubt. But I am afraid that the hideous narrative is substantially true, however we might wish it to be proved false. I have not seen Miss Maybrook, who is shortly to be removed to safe keeping in London; but I have had a short interview with the other, who was, I have no doubt, the person who purloined the will from Lady Livingston's room,

immediately after her death. And then, wonder of wonders! I find the will here—the very paper that I have hunted for, almost without rest, since I undertook to trace it out. Mr Glegg has been communicated with, and I shall not be content until it is in his hands. You are rich now, Beatrice.'

'I had not thought of it,' rejoined Beatrice, with a gentle smile. 'I was never, as you know, very covetous of money, and these terrible events have made me quite forgetful of my own interests. It was the lawyer's clerk, I thought, who was suspected.'

'Wrongfully, as it seemed,' said Oswald, 'although he was clearly an accomplice of his sister's, and was implicated in the affair of the garroting of that unfortunate attorney. But he is dead, poor fellow; shot like a dog, before my eyes, in Paris. You need not start or grow pale, Beatrice, for the sergeant and I are safe back now from the shambles that evil strife has made of the fair French capital, and our task was not quite fruitless. Yes, he died, and not impenitently; and I think the tidings of his death, which she learned for the first time from Sergeant Flint, my trusty comrade in the adventure, have affected his wretched sister more powerfully than I could have conceived possible with such a nature as hers. It will be but a sad journey, that one to London, which remains to be taken by the night mail-train, for it is painful, even to the captors, to see two young lives like those of Violet Maybrook and Aphrodite Larpent end in disgrace and punishment, however merited. But my own quest is still but half-performed until I shall have met with Mr Glegg, and arranged for the reading of the will.'

## ODDS AND ENDS:

FROM DR ROBERT CHAMBERS'S SCRAP-BOOK.

SCOTT AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.—My acquaintanceship with Sir Walter Scott began in 1821, and ended shortly before his death, eleven years afterwards. Our intercourse took place chiefly in rambling walks together through the Old Town of Edinburgh, in which he, in his kind way, pointed out houses that had at one time been occupied by persons of note. One day, in 1825, we took a walk towards the College buildings, my wish being that he should point out the spot where he was born, which was in that locality. In going along the narrow thoroughfare called North College Street, we paused at a point opposite the head of the College Wynd. This wynd, or lane, bordered by tall dingy houses, now occupied by a humble class of families, formed at one time the chief access from the town to the college, and was inhabited by persons of no small note. It also contained some lodging-houses, where dwelt youths attending the university. There is a vague tradition that Goldsmith, when a student, lived in the College Wynd. [It is also said that the infamous revolutionist, Marat, dwelt in the same locality.] The houses in the wynd, on both sides, came close up to the gateway of the college. The house on the east side of the gateway was that in which dwelt Sir Walter Scott's father. It was in the third floor of this house, accessible by an entry leading to a common

stair behind, that Sir Walter first saw the light, August 15, 1771. It was a house, as I was told, of plain appearance; its chief disadvantage being in the unhealthiness of the situation, to which Sir Walter attributed the deaths of several brothers and sisters before him. When the house was required for the opening of North College Street, the elder Scott received a fair price for his portion of it. He had previously removed to an airier mansion, No. 25 George Square, where Sir Walter spent his boyhood and youth. The site of the old house in which he was born was pointed out to me by Sir Walter. We stood on the spot—part of the open street. On his mentioning that his father had got a good price for his share of the house, in order that it might be removed, I took the liberty of jocularly expressing my belief that more money might have been made of it, and the public much more gratified, if it had remained to be shewn as the birthplace of a man who had written so many popular books. 'Ay, ay,' said Sir Walter, 'that is all very well; but I am afraid I should have required to be dead first, and that would not have been so comfortable, you know.' [Under the operations of a city Improvement Act, North College Street has been merged in the broad thoroughfare called Chambers Street, and the whole of the College Wynd has been swept away. The spot where Scott was born is, however, easily identified.]

Next to the pleasure of being acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, has been that of knowing intimately some of his friends, such as the Ettrick Shepherd, Willie Laidlaw, Sir Adam Ferguson, and others. All of them have now disappeared. Sir Adam Ferguson, as an Edinburgh man, and well known in the street with his dog Peter, a fussy little animal, was my latest of these friends; his gossip about Scott, and Abbotsford, and old times, being interminable. I looked on him as a link between the eighteenth and nineteenth century—not a dry, hard link, but full of life and glee, and stored with no end of anecdotes. He remembered sitting as a child on the knee of David Hume, and receiving presents of sweetmeats from him. He spoke in lively terms of the amiable good-natured look of the philosopher, and thought it had not been done justice to in any of his portraits. [Hume died in 1776.] In the course of a ride with Sir Adam, he one day pointed out Brunstain House to me with the remark that his father had acted as secretary, there, to Lord-justice-clerk Milton, in 1742.

As is known from Lockhart's memoirs, Sir Adam was the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott from boyhood to the end of his days. As a nephew of Dr Black, the celebrated chemist, Sir Adam, of course, knew him well; also Hutton and Adam Smith. His father, Professor Ferguson, author of the *History of the Roman Republic*, being a member of the distinguished cluster of literary and philanthropical men who conferred distinction on Edinburgh in the latter half of the last century, Sir Adam knew all of them more or less. He was the

means of Scott, while a boy, seeing Burns, for he took him to his father's house on the night when the inspired ploughman was there in 1787. Retired from active life in his old days, when he was knighted, Sir Adam told innumerable stories about his career in the army, his being taken prisoner by the French, and the permission given to him to visit Paris, where he accidentally saw Napoleon in a public ceremonial. His funniest reminiscences, as it appeared to me, were of Peeblesshire, where he lived some time with his father. He had caught up the peculiar intonation of the natives, and his specimens of the way they spoke, with a queer elevation of the voice at the end of every sentence, were inimitable.

One of his anecdotes has been given in my brother's *History of Peeblesshire*: The professor, his father, in relinquishing burdensome duties, had taken up a temporary residence at Neidpath Castle, an old baronial mansion on the Tweed, within a mile of Peebles. Here he received the visits of all people of note in the neighbourhood, to whom he shewed a genial hospitality. At this time there lived in Peebles a Mr Robert Smith, butcher, a smart little man, who, when in full dress, wore hair-powder, and had otherwise so gentlemanly an appearance, that he would have passed for a person of distinction, if he could only have held his tongue. Rob was a pushing fellow professionally, and did not want confidence. One day, at Neidpath Castle, 'Mr Smith from Peebles' was announced, and being shewn in, was received with the usual urbanity of the professor, who imagined him to be a man of some importance in the neighbourhood, to whom it was proper to pay some attention. Rob had, of course, called to see about getting a customer, to recommend his veal, and so forth; but unfortunately there was no time to talk of business, for the members of the family were about to sit down to dinner, of which Mr Smith was hospitably invited to partake. No way abashed, Rob took his place at table with the rest of the company. There appeared, however, to be something wrong with him. He did not do justice to the dinner. 'I am sorry, Mr Smith, to see you don't eat,' said the venerable host with polite solicitude. 'Well, to tell you the truth, professor,' replied Rob, 'I have never any appetite on killing days!' Looks all round to be imagined.

Sir Adam was one of the few confidants of Scott regarding the authorship of the *Waverley* novels. He, indeed, was often at Abbotsford while Sir Walter was busy with them, and tells how he sat beside him when writing *The Antiquary*, sheet after sheet of which was handed to him on completion. Sir Adam described a shooting ramble he had one day in the high grounds near Gala-shiels with Sir Walter. It was an exceedingly windy day, and Scott had like to be blown from his pony. Coming to a lonely farm-house in a very exposed situation, they went up to it, but could not get admission. At length, a female voice was heard within, and Ferguson called out:

'What's come of a' the men?' 'Ou, they are a' awa' o'er to Windydoors' [a real place so named]. 'I think they might have been content wi' their ain doors,' said Scott in his dry droll way, as he turned his pony's head.

Calling one day at Ferguson's residence at Huntly Burn, and observing a fine honeysuckle in blossom [*Scoticè*, flourishing] over the door, Sir Walter congratulated Miss Ferguson on its appearance. She spoke of it as *trumpet honeysuckle*. 'Weel,' said Scott, 'ye'll never come out o' your ain door without a flourish of trumpets!'

Sir Adam survived his old friend Scott twenty-two years. In his latter days, while able to go about, he was often at my own and my brother's house. With all the members of my family he was intimate; the singing of Burns's lyrics by the girls giving him uncommon pleasure. On the last occasion he visited us, Mrs C. entertained him with some sacred tunes on the harmonium. As he sat listening with head bent down, eyes shut, and arms crossed, as if in a state of entrancement, my daughter, Mary, executed a sketch of him in crayons, which remains a memorial of this interesting old man. He died in about five weeks afterwards, November 18, 1854.

Conversing lately with Mr James Hay Forbes, son of the late Lord Medwyn, he mentioned that he recollected Sir Walter Scott being at his father's house at dinner, when the conversation turned on the manner in which Sir Walter had represented the religious troubles of Scotland in the tale of *Old Mortality*. Mr Forbes remembers that, when the attack on Scott, in defence of the Covenanters, was mentioned, Sir Walter used this expression: 'I underdid the Covenanters, and it cost me no small trouble.'—Who now does not feel that Scott treated the subject with delicacy and historical truth?

[To the above notes on Scott and some of his friends, written by my brother in 1858, I may make the following addition:

For a number of years after the decease of Sir Walter, there were many small floating anecdotes and memorabilia of his habits, and the happy way in which he would make some pleasantry out of very ordinary occurrences. Two or three instances occur to recollection.—One day, when walking along Princes Street, Edinburgh, my brother, who accompanied him, made the remark that he was evidently well known, for many persons looked back at him on passing. 'Oh, ay, ay,' replied Scott jocosely; 'more know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows!—The late Mr Thomas Tegg, publisher, Cheapside, having, on the occasion of visiting Scotland, ventured with a friend to call on Sir Walter at Abbotsford, was somewhat doubtful of his reception, for he had published a small book in doggerel verse, designed to bring Scott's muse into ridicule. He was speedily relieved of his apprehensions. 'I am sorry to say,' said Tegg apologetically, 'that I happen to be the publisher of *Jokely, a Burlesque on Rokeby*.' 'Glad to see you, Mr Tegg,' replied Sir Walter; 'the more jokes the better!—Mrs John Ballantyne, in her reminiscences of Scott, states that, besides his story-telling manner, he had another quite distinct, in which he was accustomed to utter any snatch of poetry,

such as a verse of a Border ballad, or a simple but touching popular rhyme. 'I can never forget,' she says, 'the awe-striking solemnity with which he pronounced an elegiac stanza inscribed on a tombstone in Melrose Abbey:

Earth walketh on the earth  
Glistering like gold;  
Earth goeth to the earth  
Sooner than it wold.  
Earth buildeth on the earth  
Palaces and towers;  
Earth sayeth to the earth,  
All shall be ours.'

—On the occasion of an excursion with a friend to Dumfriesshire and Galloway, Scott's money happened to run out; and he borrowed from his companion a pound-note at Tinwald Manse, and two pounds at the inn of Beattock Bridge. The payment of the loan became the subject of a bit of pleasantry. Returning home, he enclosed three pounds to his friend, with the following lines:

One at Tinwald Manse, and two at Beattock Brig,  
That makes three, if Cocker's worth a fig;  
Borrow while you may, pay when you can,  
And at the last you'll die an honest man!

w. c.]

#### HIBERNAL IMPATIENCE.

O LAGGARD year, that lasts so long,

When will thy leaden pinions rise,  
And thou break into heaving skies,  
And be a disimprisoned song?

O burst into the heaving Spring!

And roll away these cold dark days;  
Inspire Æolian notes of praise,  
That long to thaw a frozen wing.

Thou too art part of Nature's truth,  
And in thy mystery thou art good;  
Yet, roll from over field and flood,  
And bring us Spring's eternal youth.

I long for April's sweet sublime,

When Earth recalls the bowers of Eve,  
And angels in the night shall weave  
The daintiest filigree of time.

When all the world shall answer God,  
In living greenness to the eye,  
Beneath an interfashing sky,  
And o'er a daisy-quickened sod.

When fragrant comes creation's breath,  
And nature is a choral mute;  
Life wakes—and pulses flash and shoot—  
In Resurrection out of Death.

On Saturday, February 7, 1874, will be commenced  
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